



THE

CASKET.

“ With sweetest flowers enrich’d,  
From various gardens cull’d with care.”

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BY CHARLES CANDID.

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PEROUROU ; OR  
*THE BELLOWS MENDER.*

THESE words, spoken in a calm and dignified manner, assuaged the tumult of our souls. I then entered into the particulars of my various adventures, and forgot not to tell my faults or the remorse that attended them. I remarked that the hand of Aurora frequently pressed mine whenever I talked of those various schemes which my fondness for her induced me to contrive ; but she seemed wholly indifferent whenever I mentioned the riches I had acquired. The part of my story which touched her the most, was, my paying her father’s debts, and my care to redeem from his creditors such little matters as she had most valued from her infancy.

My friend solemnized our new union with a brilliant entertainment. Adjacent to his house stood another, which although not large, was in a most enchanting situation. The owner having died a short time before, the heirs had advertised it for sale. A word that escaped from Aurora gave me to know that the possession of it would be agreeable to her. I, therefore, made the purchase in her name, and within twenty-four hours afterwards I put the deed into her hands which made it her own.

I then returned to Paris with my wife and child. Whether it was that she still retained her old loftiness of mind, or real goodness of spirit, she showed no sur-

prise when I introduced her to a stately house furnished in the first style, and offering the greatest magnificence to her view. I knew that misfortune had had a happy influence upon her opinions, and I saw myself beloved by the object of all my tenderest regards.

A year had come round in this happy situation in life, when Aurora one day came into my room, her eyes sparkling with joy, and said, "My friend, surely you will not refuse your wife's invitation. I wish you to make a dinner in my house at Lyons." There was no objection on my part. "I will set out," said she, "this very morning with my son, as I wish to instruct him to do the honors of the house to his father."

I did not fail to be there at the time appointed. The day was fixed for the entertainment. Aurora had all the elegance of beauty, a finer dress than ordinary. Dinner was announced :.....judge what must have been my surprise, when taking me by the hand, and conducting me into an apartment which had been decorated by the Graces themselves, she pointed out to me among the guests my ten friends sitting together, my earliest protectors, the authors of my fortune, my marriage, my happiness. It is impossible for me to convey the sensations I experienced during this repast, at which the amiable gaiety of my wife gave pleasure to all our guests.

After dinner she introduced us to the apartment she intended for me. Having touched a small spring-lock, we saw a curtain draw up, and two pictures of exquisite workmanship were exhibited. We examined them. "A divine enchanting woman!" exclaimed my friends at the same instant with myself. One of these pictures represented the poor village near Montelemart. I was prostrate before Aurora, who was pushing me from her with disdain, and glancing a look of contempt on the engraver who officiated as coachman. Under was written....."LOVE CONQUERED BY PRIDE." The second drawing represented the scene of the present occasion.....my ten friends at table, with Aurora seated between her happy husband and the engraver whose addresses she had rejected; while she seemed to smile



alike on both. Beneath was this motto....."PRIDE CONQUERED BY LOVE."

Here ends my story, or rather my adventures. It is easier for me to feel and enjoy my happiness than to describe it. Aurora has made me the father of three other children, and insisted that the first should have the engraver for godfather. This worthy man is also happy; he is united to a charming woman, well known at Lyons by the care she took to give her only daughter a good education. Aurora has assured me she cannot be perfectly happy until this amiable young lady has a right to call her mother; and what is very singular, my son seems willing to accede thereto.

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STYLE; OR,

THE HISTORY OF THE GIBLETS.

Old Timothy Giblet was as arrant a grub-worm as ever crawled; and the only rules of right and wrong, he cared a button for, were the rules of multiplication and addition, which he practised much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true *golden rules*, and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetic in the hands of his children, before they had read ten pages in the Bible or the Prayer book. The practice of these favorite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success; and after a life of incessant self-denial, and starvation, and enduring all the pounds, shillings and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a *plum*, and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial, of their father in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for style, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried, and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they crackled about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a fire-work. I can liken their sudden *eclat* to nothing but that

of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases swells up to maturity, and after feeling for a moment the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters, and rattles, and buzzes from every tree. The little warblers who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes, and stunned by the discordant racket of these upstart intruders, and contemplate in contemptuous silence, their tinsel and their noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career, until they had run their full course, and arrived at the very tip-top of style. Every tailor, shoe maker, coach maker, milliner, mantuamaker, paper hanger, piano teacher, and dancing master, in the city were inlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call, and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the Waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water colours, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease, grace, and *modesty* as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places, but nobody noticed them—except to honor them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them, except the tailors and the milliners, who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being like Caleb Quotem, determined to have “a place at the review,” fell to work more fiercely than ever—they gave dinners, and they gave balls, they hired cooks, they hired fiddlers, they hired confectioners, and they would have kept a news-paper in pay, only they had no time to read them. They invited the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the gormandizers,



and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense ; and the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers, did come, and they did *make merry* at their expense, and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life ; such rattling of coaches ! such slamming of box doors at the theatre ! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared ! the Giblets were seen here and there and every where ; they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know, and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblets family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed their ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them, of being squeezed, and smothered, and par-boiled at nightly balls, and evening tea-parties—they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed—they turned their noses up in the wind at every thing that was not genteel ; and their superb manners and sublime affectation, at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.—*Sal. Mag.*

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### THE BLUE-BIRD.

*Extracted from Wilson's American Ornithology.*

" The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest, and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this another sociable little pilgrim, (*Montacilla domestica*, House Wren,) also arrives from the south, and finding such a snug birth pre-occupied, shows his spite, by watching a convenient opportunity, and in the absence of the owner popping in and pulling out sticks ; but takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

" The female lays five, and sometimes six, eggs,

of a pale blue color ; and raises two, and sometimes three brood in a season ; the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again sitting. Their principal food are insects, particularly large beetles, and other hard-shelled sorts that lurk among the old dead and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favorite repast with them. In Fall they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum ; and as winter approaches, on those of the red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees. Ripe persimmons is another of their favorite dishes ; and many other fruits and seeds which I have found in their stomachs at that season, which, being no botanist, I am unable to particularize.

“ The usual spring and summer song of the Bluebird is a soft, agreeable and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character he has great resemblance to the Robin Red-breast of Britain ; and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him he is known to almost every child ; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards Fall, that is, in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow many-coloured woods ; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stript of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loth to leave them. About the middle or end of November few or none of them are seen ; but with every return of mild and open weather, we hear his



plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us : but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

“ Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue-bird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral Muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Red-breast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader I hope will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

“ When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,  
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,  
The fishermen hauling their shads to the shore,  
And cloud cleaving geese to the Lakes are a steering ;  
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing ;  
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,  
O then comes the Blue-bird, the *herald of spring* !  
And hails with his warbling the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring ;  
Then warm glows the sun-shine, and fine is the weather ;  
The blue wood land flowers just beginning to spring,  
And spicewood and sassafras budding together ;  
O then to your gardens, ye house-wives repair !  
Your walks border up ; sow and plant at your leisure ;  
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,  
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,  
The red flowing peach and the apple's sweet blossoms ;  
He snaps up *destroyers* wherever they be,  
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms ;  
He drags the vile *grub* from the corn it devours :  
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter ;  
His song and his services freely are ours,  
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train,  
 Now searching the furrows...now mounting to cheer him,  
 The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,  
 And leans on his spade, to survey and to hear him ;  
 The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,  
 While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em,  
 In mantle of sky blue, and bosom so red,  
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,  
 And Autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,  
 And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,  
 Have fled in the train of the sun seeking swallow ;  
 The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,  
 Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,  
 Till forc'd by the horrors of winter to roam,  
 He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season serene, dewy, warm,  
 The green face of earth, and the pure blue of Heav'n,  
 Or love's native music have influence to charm,  
 Or sympathy's glow to our feeling is given,  
 Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be ;  
 His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure ;  
 For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,  
 He comes to remind us of sun-shine and pleasure !"

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#### AN EXTRACT,

*From a sermon on Domestic Happiness.*

Oh, what is so soothing, so refreshing, so satisfying  
 as the placid joys of home.

See the traveller.....Does duty call him for a season  
 to leave his beloved circle ? The image of his earthly  
 happiness continues vividly in his remembrance ; it  
 quickens him to diligence ; it makes him hail the hour  
 which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned  
 toward home ; it communes with him as he journeys,  
 and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—  
 "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in  
 peace ; and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin."  
 Oh ! the joyful re-union of a divided family—the plea-



asures of renewed interview and conversation, after days of absence !

Behold the man of science.....He drops the labor and painfulness of research--closes his volume--smooths his wrinkled brows--leaves his study--and, unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

*"He will not blush, that has a father's heart,  
To take in childish play, a childish part ;  
But bends his sturdy back to any toy  
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."*

Take the man of trade.....What reconciles him to the toil of business ? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers ! What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement ? By-and-by the season of intercourse will arrive ; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family ; he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease, and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompence.

Yonder comes the laborer.....He has borne the burden and heat of the day : the descending sun has released him from his toil ; and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage ; his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See ! his toil worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness ; his hardships are forgotten ; fatigue vanishes ; he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden--enters again, and retires to rest, "and the sleep of the laboring man is sweet."

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#### CHARACTER OF A DRUNKARD.

A drunkard is indisposed to virtue ; is a licentious person ; is worse than a brute ; a companion of riot and revelling ; a game and sport to profane people ; a ridiculous object ; his own sorrow, woe and shame ; his

wife's grief; his children's disgrace; his neighbor's contempt and derision; his family's ruin; a thief to himself; a scandal to christianity; a dishonor to God; a looser of his time; a destroyer of his reputation, pains and credit; and a slave to the Devil.

#### EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

The *vices* it produces, are—Idleness, peevishness, quarreling, fighting, lying, swearing, fraud, anarchy, hatred of just government, murder, and suicide.

The *diseases* are—Gout, sickness, puking, tremors of the hands in the morning, bloatedness, inflamed eyes, red nose and face, sore and swelled legs, jaundice, pains in the limbs, and burning in the hands and feet, dropsy, epilepsy, melancholy, idiotism, madness, palsy, apoplexy, death.

The *punishments* are—Debt, black eyes, rags, hunger, alms house, work house, jail, whipping post, stocks, Castle Island, Newgate, gallows.—*Dr. Rush.*

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#### PROVERBS, REMARKS and MAXIMS.

Thirst teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs exclusively to man.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate.

A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are very much obliged to "P. B." for his original Proverbs, &c. but we should have been much more so if he had informed us they were selected. We shall keep a good look-out for him hereafter.

"TIMOTHY AIMWELL," receives our approbation.

An essay on "AMBITION," by "ANGELICUS," is rejected.

We have received another communication from "ANGELICUS," which shall be admitted.

"DIDO," shall have a place—in the fire.





FOR THE CASKET.

*AN ADDRESS TO PEACE.*

O, descend to the mansions below,  
And visit each tent of despair ;  
Wing thy way thro' the regions of wo,  
And ne'er for an exit prepare.

Thy smiles are as tranquil as morn,  
When no leaf is flutt'ring with wind ;  
Nor the sky-lark that carols at dawn,  
More content than a peaceable mind.

Thy roses that bloom all the year,  
Ne'er fade, like the autumn, away ;  
But survive every torrent of care,  
And the Winter's as pleasant as May.

When youth shall descend from its stage,  
By the constant succession of time,  
And repose in the bow'rs of age ;  
Then how blest, with a peaceable mind.

And this is the whole that I crave,  
If my breast is the cottage of thine,  
That when death shall paint me my grave,  
I can die, with a peaceable mind.

DON-LORENZO.

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FROM WILLIAM AND ELLEN.

LULLABY ; FOR A LADY OF FASHION.

Sleep on, gay girl, and let your sister fair,  
For you the necessary food prepare ;  
Sleep quietly, nor let a dream destroy  
Your darling, drowsy, senseless, slumb'ring in

"My head ! my head !" you say. Ah ! sad excuse ;  
Apology for customary use !

Sleep quietly ; I charge the house be still,  
Lest they awake the toast before she will.

Eliza, prudent, takes the morning air,  
And occupies her earliest hours with care ;  
Grows healthy, wise, and beautiful in mien,  
While you become a wretched child of spleen.

Sleep quietly, nor let thy hollow breast  
To thought and fond emotions wake from rest ;  
Slumber all day, for 'tis by candle light  
You shine on ev'ry coxcomb of the night.

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SONG.

FROM EDMUND THE WANDERER.

While I gaz'd on her eye of luxuriant blue,  
Delighted to see it in languishment roll ;  
So persuasively tender and mellow with dew,  
So rich in voluptuous breathings of soul.

The sweetest sensations of pleasure found birth,  
And I sigh'd for her lip of the sea-coral die ;  
And I tho't 'twould be heav'n to possess, upon earth,  
The white bosom'd maid of the blue rolling eye.

While I gaz'd on the seraph-like turn of her form,  
Each eloquent motion, enraptur'd to trace,  
I said—if the heart it enshrines is as warm  
As the maid is bewitching, and matchless in grace.

That in ranging the world I had never yet known,  
A nymph on whose charms I had gazed with a sigh,  
Or could make, with such exquisite transports my own,  
As the white bosom'd maid of the blue rolling eye.

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